

P O E M S

1871



P O E M S.

*(Price Three Shillings.)*





P. O. F. M. S.

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# P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

HENRY NORRIS.

— CORPORE IN UNO

FRIGIDA PUGNABANT CALIDIS.

OVID.

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TAUNTON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM NORRIS,

MDCCLXXIV.

P. O. E. M. S.

O. N.

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.



H. E. W. R. S.

CHURCH IN LIND

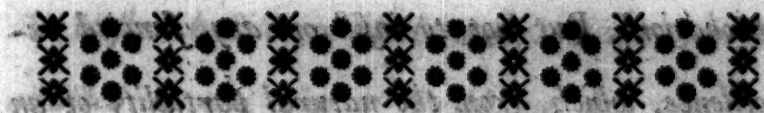
BRITISH MUSEUM

CHURCH

TAUNTON

PRINTED BY WILLIAM NORRIS

NO. 10. 1841.



T H E  
P R E F A C E.

*AS I have not the vanity, to found any particular claim to the attention of the world, on the merit of the following poems; so have I not the humility, to esteem them altogether unworthy the public regard. From a consciousness of their many inaccuracies, I am but too sensible of the severity I am to expect from the more rigorous dispensers of critical justice: Yet am I not without hopes, that, if there be found some pieces in the collection, which arise not to the standard of real merit, there are others, that will pass the critic's scale, with honourable approbation.*



probation. But not to insist on any fancied excellence, which, from the natural partiality of an author, I may fondly imagine them to be possessed of, I shall submit the present work to the decision of the public; rather indeed as the labours of a juvenile muse, than as any great effort of genius. FRIENDSHIP, ARACYNTHA, and the EPITHALAMIC ODE, were written at the age of nineteen: Many of the lighter compositions are the attempts of a yet earlier period. From this consideration will the fair critic form a consequent judgment of these productions. If any flagrant enormities have escaped my pen, they are the crimes of youth. And here let me modestly recommend myself to the clemency of the court, in the humble petition of the comic bard.

— Facite, æquanimitas  
 Poëtæ ad scribendum augeat industriam.

At

*At least, chastise me with lenity. I am not so addicted to the vice of scribbling, but that a little gentle correction may yet reclaim me.*

*With regard to the COURT OF MOMUS, the several characteristic speeches are either a mere versification of some passage in their respective originals, or written in professed imitation of the peculiar manner and turn of each. As to their moral propriety, I am aware, that some of the more serious part of my readers will be apt to except against them: But, having neither leisure nor inclination to enter into a regular defence of these youthful levities, I shall advance no other plea in apology for my use of them, than what HORACE clearly suggests, in the motto I have employed on this occasion. They are the 'veræ voces' of nature.*

*Others,*

Others, again, who have a particular taste for divine poetry, may be displeased with the present collection, as not affording them a single gratification. Indeed, I have purposely declined inserting any thing of that nature, to avoid a far heavier imputation, than any such omission can possibly draw upon me. It must be acknowledged, that 'A Jove principium, musæ,' (to borrow a little religion from the heathen world,) may be construed into an excellent and useful lesson. The young bard cannot begin his studies more happily, than under the auspices of such a patron; nor is it more than just, that the primitia labours of the muse should be devoted to the praises of that pure and eternal Helicon, from the inspiration of whose streams she derives all the fire of her genius, and all the vigour of her wing. Yet, let me add, in the present case, such com-

positions



positions must be highly inadmissible. When a work has the least tendency to humour, the introduction of any thing, that bears a sacred stamp, is an impropriety bordering on profanation. Without doubt, they both have their attractions; but then these attractions must be regarded separately. We may admire the beauty and grandeur of the sublime; we may be charmed with the spirit and freedom of the ludicrous: But,

‘ Non benè conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur;’  
 they will not admit of any intimate connection. This however is a delicacy not always attended to: Nay, so justly may we affirm the contrary, that I have seen a paraphrase from the prophecy of ISAIAH actually printed in the same work with an obscene imitation of CHAUCER. Surely to a mind possessed of the least degree of reflection, a mixture so incongruous must appear

b

equally

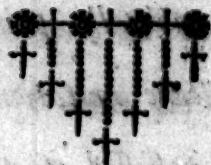
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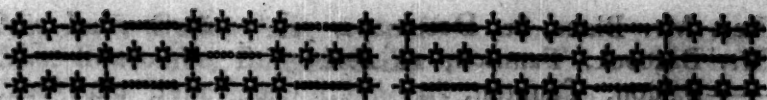
*equally ridiculous and disgusting. — But I am writing a dissertation, where a few necessary strictures were alone intended.*

*I cannot conclude, without testifying the high sense I have of the obligations conferred on me, by those ladies and gentlemen, who have favoured me with their subscriptions. They may ever depend on my warmest and most cordial acknowledgments.*

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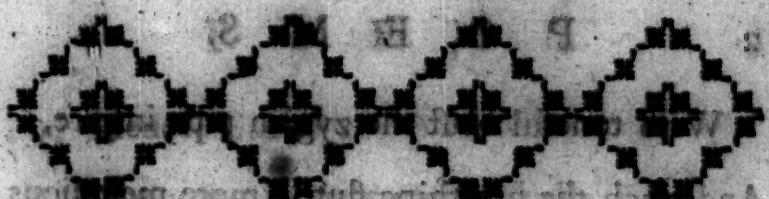


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	AN



A N

Loudly echoes from the earth

# Epithalamic Ode.

Tant all'altare, and now and then

Or, leag'd with the dust of the

— Dat JUNO verenda

Vincula, & insignis geminâ Concordia tedâ.

STAT.

With the same spirit and the same

And with the same spirit and the same

I. With the same spirit and the same

**C**HORAL children of the skies,  
Cherub muses, sleep no more;

Rise to mirth, to joy arise,

Shake the sluggard from your eyes,

Shake the sluggard from your eyes,  
And ev'ry varied grace of harmony explore.

Sweetly sound the warbling lyre,

Softly strike the chorded shell;

With

A

With

2 P O E M S.

With tuneful blast the zygian pipe inspire,  
And teach the breathing flute a more melodious  
swell.

Hark! the voice of festive mirth

Loudly echoes from the earth.

Shrill the circling sounds advance,

Pant on the winds, and murm'ring dance,

Along the distant shore:

Longer now and louder roll,

Wide diverge to either pole,

And wake the silent, still expanse,

With one continuous roar.

Choral children of the skies,

Rise to mirth, to joy arise.

II.

Avaunt! ye squalid spawn of Hell!

Sick'ning Envy, Rancour keen,

Jarring Feud, and jaundic'd Spleen!

Hence,



P O E M S .

3

Hence, ERINNYS! ATE fell!  
 Down to Horror's gloomy cell,  
 Nor dare disturb the festal scene,  
 With strife's contentious yell:  
 Hence, pining Care, sad Grief, and frantic Pain!  
 With moping Melancholy dwell,  
 Or, leagu'd with Poverty, aloud complain.  
 Hither, Mirth, thy train convey;  
 Jocund Laughter, frolic Play,  
 All that's fair, and all that's gay.  
 Laurel'd PHOEBUS, and his lute,  
 BACCHUS, and his rosy bowl;  
 Wanton Dance, with airy foot,  
 Pleasure thrilling through the soul.  
 'Tis HYMEN summons; haste away;  
 And hail with songs the nuptial day.  
 Auspicious day! that joins the matchless pair,  
 CLEON, the wise, and RHODOPE, the fair:

The wisest, He, of all the sylvan train;

The fairest, She, that ever grac'd the plain.

### III.

Spring, array'd in vivid green,

Smiles complacent on the day;

Bids the growing tempest cease,

Bids ZEPHYR breathe the gale of peace,

Bids all the fields be gay,

And all the skies serene.

But see! the youthful bands advance,

Sons of the song, and daughters of the dance.

O'er the gayly crouded mead,

The mazy step they nimbly lead:

Or, while the weary'd nymphs respire,

Swell the full voice, and sweep the trembling

Rous'd from the silence of his bed,

See *Thames* uplift his hoary head,

And

And raptur'd gaze around,  
 With oozy weeds,  
 And nodding reeds,  
 His aged temples crown'd,  
 The tides their course no longer know,  
 His lazy urn forgets to flow,  
 Admiring at the song:  
 The waves in silent wonder stand,  
 Nor hear their monarch's dread command,  
 Eager to quit their native strand,  
 And join the festal throng.

## IV.

But ah! what streams of pointed light,  
 With beaming glory, wound the vanquish'd fight!  
 See the gods, the gods descending,  
 Down the steep of æther tending!



See the clouds, in waving gold,  
 Glad their sacred freight enfold!  
 Earth admiring, Heav'n attending,  
 See the gods, the gods descending!  
 Hither the liquid path they beat,  
 To bless this happy, rural seat,  
 Seat of HYMEN, seat of Love:  
 Hymnal iös loud be giv'n,  
 CLEON is the care of Heav'n,  
 RHODOPE the charge of JOVE.  
 Happy youth, happy fair,  
 For you supernal guests their bridal gifts prepare.  
 Known to wit, to learning known,  
 Great youth, the wreathing ivy, see!  
 Cynthian PHOEBUS yields to thee:  
 Lovely nymph of peerless mien,  
 To thee resigns the *Paphian* queen  
 Her fascinating zone.

O'er

P O E M S,

7

O'er the blest bed, see! nuptial Jūno sways,

There her bridal duty pays,

There has fix'd her sacred name:

Young Love aloft his glowing torch displays,

And HYMEN sanctifies the genial flame.

V.

For you, for you, transcendent pair,

SATURN revives his rural reign;

For you resumes the sceptral care,

And peace and plenty breathes throughout the  
plain.

For you gay CERES sheds her plenteous horn,

Bids rising sheaves the yellow fields adorn,

And, marshall'd fair, in order forms

The golden lines of standing corn.

LYÆUS brings the curling vine,

The flowing cup, and mantling wine.

*Mænalian*

*Mænalian* PAN, whose rustie sway  
 The fleecy sons of innocence obey,  
 To you consigns his ample reign;  
 Where wanton lambkins sportive play,  
 And crouding thick the flow'ry way,  
 Fill the vast eye, and whiten all the plain,  
 POMONA, ruddy goddess, see!  
 Richly loads the bending tree;  
 For you matures her infant care,  
 Gives the young plumb  
 Its tempting bloom,  
 And swells with rip'ning sweets the luscious pear,  
 For you young FLORA rears the vernal flow'r;  
 PLUTUS too, no longer blind,  
 For you exerts his golden pow'r,  
 Profusely rains the wealthy show'r,  
 In blessing you, to bless mankind,

While



## VI.

While rival gods, in love contending,

Celestial blessings strow;

Amid the cloud of bliss descending,

Shall PALLAS nought bestow?

Soft! the goddess waves her hand;

Be still, ye winds, at her command;

While thus the virgin-warrior speaks,

And thus the lengthen'd chain of silence breaks.

‘ Children of MINERVA’s choice,

‘ Heirs of Wisdom, hear my voice.

‘ While giant Pomp assumes the flaming car;

‘ While mad Ambition drives the sounding war;

‘ The cliffs of wealth while Avarice explores;

‘ Virtue, immortal virtue, still be yours.

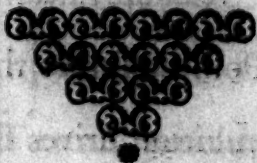
‘ Happy the fires, from whom you sprung;

‘ Happy the breasts, on which you fondly hung;

B

‘ Happy,

‘ Happy, in you, your native earth;  
‘ Happy the age, that triumph’d in your birth;  
‘ Happy the future muse, whose daring fire,  
‘ To virtue, great as yours, shall strike the sound-  
‘ ing lyre.’





A

# PARAPHRASE

O F T H E

## Fifth Idyl of *Moschus*.

WHEN ocean's noisy pow'rs indulge their  
And whistling breezes brush the sleep-  
No more the muse asserts her wild domain,

Fires all my soul, and boils in ev'ry vein;

But tranquil peace soft glides across my breast,  
And sweetly sooths the captive mind to rest.

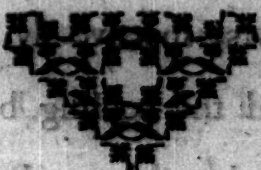
But when the mad'ning billows foaming rise,  
And waves on waves ride tow'ring to the skies;



When swelling surges the loud roar begin,  
And stun the trembling ear with horrid din;  
To earth's fair groves I turn an eager eye,  
And swift the growing scene of terror fly.  
Beneath thy shades, sweet spot, I safely stray,  
Where Nature smiling opes her flow'ry way.  
Tho' here the rebel north with fury swell,  
Rage o'er the mount, and riot in the dell;  
The rustling pine shall wave her leafy crest,  
And fondly sing the son of care to rest.

How wild a life exacts the fisher's pain,  
Whose daily labour stems the boist'rous main!  
Wide o'er the deep he tempts the treach'rous way,  
His house a boat, the finny shoal his prey:  
His lab'ring bark scarce stands the bursting tides,  
While the delusive chase his toil derides.

Be mine the lot, o'er vary'd fields to rove,  
 Or taste the beauties of the vernal grove.  
 Reclin'd beneath some poplar's friendly shade,  
 Oft I invoke dull MORPHEUS' drowfy aid;  
 Where the clear rill with wand'ring course pro-  
 ceeds,  
 O'er sounding pebbles, and soft-whisp'ring reeds;  
 In pure meanders gently trills along,  
 Sweetly to sleep invites, with murm'ring song,  
 Nor wakes the slumb'ring sense, with rudely  
 babbling tongue.





## *Lauretta Sleeping.*

L'on crût que PHILIS étoit l'astre du jour.

VOITURE.

I.

**H**ENCE, ye blust'ers of the sky,  
 Hush'd in caverns, sleep at ease;  
 Wanton zephyrs, sportive fly,  
 Waft around the cooling breeze:  
 Softly pass, ye breathing gales;  
 Softly whisper through the vales.

Come,



## II.

Come, ye gentle sylvan train,  
Feather'd sons of blooming *May*;  
Sweetly trill your airy strain,  
Warble round the vernal lay:  
Lull, with songs, my fair to rest;  
Sooth her care, and calm her breast.

## III.

See! beneath the myrtle shade,  
Where the purple violets rise;  
Where the lily waves her head,  
See! my fair LAURETTA lies:  
Slumber, silent friend to care,  
Hovers round the sleeping fair.

See!

## IV.

See! how proud the roses blow!

'Tis from her they steal their bloom;

From her cheek, the crimson glow,

From her breath, the rich perfume;

Odours sweeter than exhale

From *Arabia's* fragrant vale.

## V.

Yet, LAURETTA, can'st thou sleep,

Softly lull'd by soothing dreams;

While in night we anxious weep,

Weep the absence of thy beams?

Ah! no more avert thine eye;

See! we droop, and drooping die.

## VI.

Late those sparkling orbs of light

Beam'd around the vivid ray;

Now, eclips'd in shades of night,

Cheat the world of half its day;

Rise, fair sun of beauty, rise;

Break in lustre on our eyes.

## VII.

Warm beneath thy genial sway,

Smiling Summer jocund reigns;

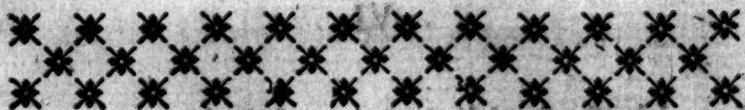
Robb'd alas! of thee and day,

Wintry horrors gloom the plains:

Sleep, LAURETTA, sleep no more;

Light and life again restore.





# FRIENDSHIP.

*Addressed to Mr. J. C. WESTCOTT,*

*Of Exeter College, Oxon.*

Solem enim è mundo tollere videntur, qui Amicitiam è vitâ tollunt; quâ à diis immortalibus nihil melius habemus, nihil jucundius.

Cic.

**W**HETHER reclin'd on *Charwell's* flow'ry  
 side,  
 Or where fair *Ifis* rolls her watry pride;  
 Arise, my **PYLADES**; to thee I sing,  
 To thee and Friendship wake the slumb'ring  
 string.

## Cement

Cement of souls, celestial child of Jove,  
 Pure emanation of immortal love,  
 Great Friendship, come; enlarge my op'ning  
 Refine my soul with love of good and kind,  
 Nor leave one sordid grain of self behind.  
 So let me taste thy joys, uncumber'd, free,  
 And future heav'n anticipate in thee.  
 What, without thee, were life, were glory, fame?  
 A morning shadow, and an empty name.  
 The black'ning horrors of tempestuous fate,  
 'Tis thine to brighten, thine to dissipate:  
 Whate'er of bliss we know, 'tis thine to give,  
 And without thee to live, were not to live.

When Heav'n first rais'd the great creative plan,  
 And into being spake the fav'rite, man;  
 Around he saw celestial blessings show'r,  
 Proud of his world, his essence, and his pow'r;

But, in his breast, still felt a painful void  
Of something yet unknown, yet unenjoy'd.

Jove view'd his work; the great design to mend,  
He gave him bliss, and call'd that bliss a friend.

'Friendship, arise;' thus spake th' eternal Sire;  
'With glowing sentiment the breast inspire.

'Go, soften sorrow, blunt the stings of care,  
'And teach mankind the ills of life to bear.

'The task, how glorious! to dilate the soul,  
'And breathe soft sympathy throughout the

'To give the mind to taste of joys divine;  
'From baser dregs idea to refine;

'The task, how glorious! my son, be thine!

All nature felt the gift; new joys to prove,  
Kind mix'd with kind, and waken'd into love:  
All seek their friend, in sweet communion join,  
And mingle souls, with ecstasy divine.



'Tis Heav'n has fix'd, soft feelings to suggest,  
 This sympathetic load-stone in the breast;  
 Thus souls their kindred souls magnetic draw,  
 And all maintain this universal law:  
 That still, whatever nature steers the mind,  
 Like to her sister like will be inclin'd.  
 Virtue with pleasure views, impress'd on youth,  
 The lively semblance of her native truth:  
 While Vice, with grin of joy, exults to see  
 The growing marks of shame and infamy.  
 Hence, e'en the vicious catch the friendly flame,  
 (If Friendship knows with them that sacred  
 Indulge the blaze, 'midst riotry and noise,  
 And feast, with rapture, on adult'rate joys;  
 Tho' vitiated sense the gust destroys.  
 Congenial souls with equal passions move,  
 The same their hatred, and the same their love:

By force of sympathy, they cool, or burn,  
 And smile for smile, or sigh for sigh return:  
 Lords of each others heart, supreme they reign,  
 Taste all their bliss, or die beneath their pain.  
 See, in their breasts enthron'd, one common  
 Tho' Heav'n distinct apartments has assign'd:  
 Tho', fetter'd, each endures his sep'rate frame,  
 Yet is their soul, their ev'ry will the same.  
 Thus clog'd, their spirits fain would wing their  
 Pant to get free, and, what they can, unite.  
 But though their bodies fate forbids to join,  
 Tho' walls of flesh the sever'd soul confine;  
 Yet still their streams of life united run,  
 One, in their will, and in their friendship, one.  
 Should distant realms their mutual hopes divide,  
 From *Thames'* fair banks, to *Ganges'* fertile tide;  
 Still would the soul, impatient to embrace,  
 Scornful o'er-shoot the narrow pale of space;

On

On wings ideal, from her prison start,  
And fly to meet her correspondent part.  
So two fair lucid streams their courses bend,  
In fond embrace their wedded waves to blend;  
With fervid haste the silver surges roll,  
To join in love, and form one friendly whole.

When works the soul, with joy's glad burthen  
press'd,  
When pants, with strangling care, the heaving  
breast;  
How sweet to give the struggling load relief,  
To share our hoarded joys, our treasur'd grief;  
Unlock the secret casket of the heart,  
And ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry pain impart!  
How sweet to hang on Friendship's tuneful  
tongue,  
To drink, with thirsty ear, the love-fraught song!  
Catch the young accents, as they swell to birth,  
Heralds of grief, or harbingers of mirth!



To mingle tear with tear, meet smile with smile,  
Enhance the bliss, or sorrow thus beguile!

These are thy joys, O Friendship, joys that spring  
Beneath thy eye, and claim thy parent wing.

Joys, great as these, may lavish fate decree,  
To bless profuse my PYLADES and me.

Nor wealth I beg, nor ermin'd pomp implore;  
Grant but my friend, and, Heav'n, I'll ask no

more.

And every pang of grief  
How sweet to find a friend  
To think with thirty car, the love-sought song  
Catch the young accents, as they swell to birth  
Herds of grief, or harbingers of mirth!

To

THE

T H E

# ASSIGNATION.

L'Amour, qui m'inspire, me défend de reveler ses mystères.

MONTESQUIEU.

‘STEAL from thy midnight cloud, fair moon,  
 ‘Ye stars, your fire display;  
 ‘And bring my DAPHNIS, bring him soon,  
 ‘And light his lonely way.’

Beside the stream, thus breath'd the fair

The soft desires of love:

Her DAPHNIS caught the melting pray'r,

And pierc'd the silent grove.

'Thy shepherd comes,' the youth replies,

'A shepherd only thine:

'And will my CYNTHIA hear my sighs?

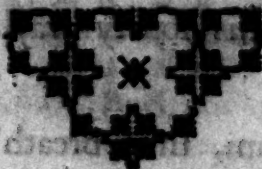
'And will she then be mine?

'Steal to thy midnight cloud, fair moon,

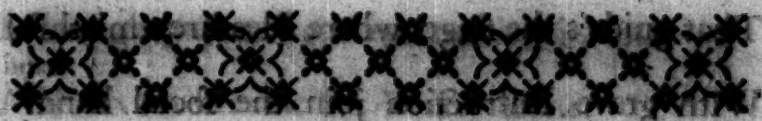
'Ye stars, your fire deny:

'Let Love alone, and night's dark noon,

'The rites of VENUS eye.'







A N

# Occasional Prologue,

## IN DEFENCE OF THE STAGE.

*Spoken at Taunton, July 29th, 1772.*

**T**O still the rev'rend snarl of holy rage,  
 And snatch from cynic spleen the suf-  
 f'ring stage,  
 To night a *Theſſian* patriot I stand,  
 For SHAKESPEARE'S realm, the muses' injur'd  
 land.  
 Sure none, — to you, impartial, I appeal, —  
 Sure none but folly, or fanatic zeal,  
 What reason justifies would dare deride,  
 The light of sense would blindly cast aside,  
 And scorn, without a blush, their moral guide.

That guide's the stage, where Pleasure's mirthful  
band  
With grave Instruction join the social hand.

Here Folly ne'er shall boast her idle reign,  
Nor laughing Satire hold the scourge in vain.

Here the free muse disdains to court the times,  
To rail on merit, or to flatter crimes:

From virtue's brow shall beam immortal fame,

But black dishonour cloud the vicious name.

Here lofty Tragedy the soul informs,

To great pursuits the gen'rous bosom warms,

While more domestic Comedy reforms.

Treach'ry shall here disgust the sick'ning eye,

And wear, for EDMUND's sake, a blacker dye.

Here plaintive Grief shall touch compassion's ear,

And claim the soft indulgence of a tear.

Recorded time the muse shall here recall;

Bid HENRY triumph, and bid RICHARD fall;

Bid

Bid mighty JULIUS blaze ambition's son,  
And CATO breathe for liberty alone.

With wisdom hence a golden harvest reap;  
Learn from the dead, and buy experience cheap.  
But if the comic sock delight you more,

See! THESPIS here displays his mimic store:  
And while gay scenes the flying hours beguile,  
Let FALSTAFF charm, nor think it sin to smile.

These gave the muse, by ancient wit design'd,  
To please at once, and to instruct mankind.

Shall SHAKESPEARE then, shall DRYDEN be  
Shall the luxuriant fruits of genius rot?<sup>forgot?</sup>

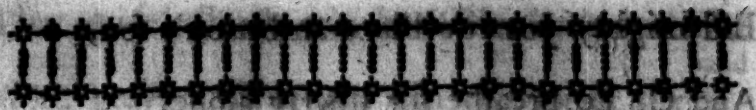
Unpluck'd, untasted, mellow on the tree,  
O dull Oblivion, to pamper thee?

Never while words the pliant soul can move,  
While wit can charm, and wisdom may approve.

Join then, ye candid, join the drama's cause,  
And let your hands, in concert, found applause.

THE





THE  
SIXTEENTH ODE  
OF

ANACREON

IMITATED.

LET soaring poets plume their wing,  
Of *Thebes* and *Theban* wars to sing:

The fate of *Troy* let others tell,  
How *Ilium* blaz'd, how *HECTOR* fell.

To give my deeds to deathless fame,  
Be mine the task, as mine the name;

To sing of *CUPID*'s soft alarms,  
The field of love, and *Paphian* arms.

Nor

Nor horse, nor foot, the rushing car,  
 Nor all the force of naval war,  
 This daring soul could e'er appal,  
 Or wreath a laurel from my fall.  
 Yet fall'n I am, a slave, o'erthrown,  
 In battle strange, by arms unknown;  
 Transfix'd with fiery shafts I lie,  
 Discharg'd from CHLOE's radiant eye.

I M I T A T I O N

TELL me, charming, tell me why

Still waste hours, looke you fly?

While the hours pass, you fly

Health and virtue fly

What tho' youth have shild your charms

Must you fly, these windy charms

See, my fair, the festive wreath

Sweet in, th' Arabian odour breath

Here

THE



THIRTY-FOURTH ODE

OF

ANACREON

IMITATED.

**T**ELL me, charmer, tell me why  
Still these hoary locks you fly?

What tho' beauty's op'ning spring

Health and vernal graces bring;

What tho' youth have flush'd your charms,

Must you fly these wintry arms?

See, my fair, the festive wreath;

Sweet th' *Arabian* odours breath.

THE

Here

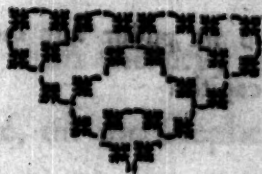


Here expands the glowing rose,

Here the paler lily blows;

As in love they fondly twine,

See! contrasted beauties shine.

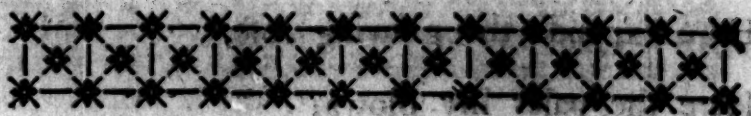


Deep in some sweet grove secluded,  
Where day intrusive hails the lonely  
Golf steals a cautious dream, in silent waves,  
Nor wakes the slumbering reed it gently laves.

Her

E

MYRON:



# M Y R O N:

A

## PASTORAL MONODY.

*Occasioned by the Death of Mr. G. BERRY, Jun.*

*Late Organist of Taunton.*

---

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam chari capitis?

HORAT.

---

**D**EEP in some awful grove's sequester'd  
 shade,  
 Where day intrusive hails the lonely  
 glade,  
 Soft steals a cautious stream, in silent waves,  
 Nor wakes the slumb'ring reed it gently laves.

MYRON.

E

Here

Here ranges Solitude, serenely free,  
Or forms the busy wish, beneath the tree:  
Here Contemplation reads th' instructive sky,  
And hopeless Love directs the swelling sigh.  
For this MENALCAS left the crowded way,  
Forgot the world, and lost the name of gay.  
Pensive he sat, beside the passing stream,  
To friendship sung, and MYRON was his theme:  
With him, alive, he clasp'd the laughing hour,  
And, dead, for him distill'd the pearly show'r.  
'Twas eve, and calm the sky; all nature hung,  
In listful silence, on the shepherd's tongue:  
All but the distant surge, that sadly flow,  
In dying murmurs, join'd the voice of woe.



Again, ye weeping muses, yet again  
 The living fount of soft compassion drain:  
 Another yet, and still another tear;  
 'Tis MYRON's claim; to you was MYRON dear.  
 For him my verse shall rouse the silent day;  
 For well he lov'd, and well deserv'd the lay.

*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
 How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

Farewell the wanton hours of gay deceit,  
 With social converse, and the splendid treat:  
 Farewell the sylvan dance, the festive throng;  
 Ye swains, indulge my sorrow, and my song,  
 No more your mirth I join, your pleasure see;  
 For mirth is sad, and pleasure pain to me.

*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
 How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

Beneath

Beneath these friendly shades I'll fix my rest;  
Ye friendly shades, receive a mournful guest.  
Here rapt I'll hang, in grief's ecstatic dream,  
And gaze, with vacant eye, the quiv'ring stream:  
Or teaze the captious echoes with my moan,  
And weep a friend, unknowing and unknown.

*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

I fought the sacred spring; the spring was free;  
But ev'ry muse MELPOMENE to me.  
In vain, alas! the flow'ry path I trod,  
In vain my lab'ring mind confess'd the god,  
Grief is but Grief, amid the blast of fame,  
And laurel'd Sorrow changes not her name.

*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

In vary'd measure day and night advance,  
 And shifting seasons lead the mingled dance.  
 The yellow Summer joins the verdant Spring,  
 And purple Autumn swells the jocund ring:  
 With me no sweet variety is found,  
 But one black Winter fills the languid round.

*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
 How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

MYRON! the dearest name, that flow'd in song,  
 Or drop'd, in nectar, from a muse's tongue!  
 To Noise a stranger, yet with Mirth a guest,  
 The smiling graces own'd thy kindred breast.  
 Sweet were thy words, and, like the genial dew,  
 Fed by thy voice, the flow'rs of laughter grew.

*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
 How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

With



With thee, beside yon solitary yew,  
Whole hours I've lost, nor mis'd them as they <sup>flew.</sup>  
With thee I've sat, beneath the mossy shed,  
Nor heard the war of thunders o'er my head;  
The voice of friendship chang'd the dreary scene;  
Still was the air to me, the sky serene.

*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

As oft we rov'd, and oft, at early dawn,  
Pursued fair Health across the breezy lawn:  
The weeping meadows dry'd each dewy tear,  
And joyous own'd the sportive MYRON near.  
No more these meadows tempt my feet to stray;  
Nor MYRON sportive now, nor joyous they.

*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

I ask'd the myrtles, why their verdure fled,  
 And check'd the rose, that drop'd her sickly head.  
 Ah! cease, my heart, the fond rebuke, I cry'd;  
 Their beauties wither'd, when their MYRON  
 With him the rose, with him the myrtle bloom'd;  
 The rose, the myrtle be with him entomb'd.

*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
 How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

Why, O ye bards, suspended sleeps the lute?  
 'Tis MYRON dies; shall harmony be mute?  
 Him shall the muse lament, in grateful lay,  
 The young TIMOTHEUS of a happier day.  
 He swept the chords; the Delian god admir'd,  
 And raptur'd own'd the notes himself inspir'd.  
*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
 How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

P O E M S.

21

Oft when the youth attun'd the lyre of love,  
And gave a master to the student grove;  
Lull'd by the sound, the feather'd idlers slept,  
While nodding elms unequal measure kept.  
Sad PHILOMELA ceas'd her plaintive moan,  
Confess'd his skill, and half-forgot her own.

*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

Why falls the drop from yonder infant eye,  
Where late complacence danc'd, with active joy?  
The little wretches of a spring deplore  
Their MYRON dead, ah! MYRON their's no  
more!  
Aside, ye heroes; spare your shame, ye brave:  
He had a mite to give, and that he gave.

*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

F

In



In vain shall marble buy the voice of fame,  
 And lying sculpture gild a sordid name:  
 Virtue a nobler monument shall know,  
 The sighs of sorrow, and the tears of woe.  
 Here let the passing eye, with wonder, read  
 The sad inscription of the valued dead.

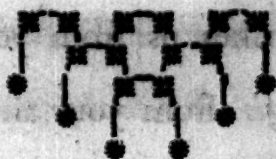
*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
 How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

Pure as the beam, thy faith shall ever shine;  
 Sweet was that faith, which call'd a MYRON  
 mine.  
 Ne'er shall thy image from remembrance stray,  
 Till life's exhausted current flows away;  
 Ne'er cease to heave the tributary sigh,  
 While grief can prompt, and breath a groan supply.  
*Ye gentle shepherds, gentle nymphs, give o'er:  
 How can I smile, when MYRON is no more?*

Where

Where yon proud cliff, impendent o'er the main,  
 Knits his huge brow, and scorns the liquid plain;  
 My fettled grief shall find some lonely cave,  
 Eye the white foam, and trace each rolling wave.  
 Rememb'ring thee, a frequent tear will flow,  
 And sadly emulate the flood below.

*Then cease, ye shepherds, and, ye nymphs, give  
 o'er:  
 Nor force a smile, when MYRON is no more.*





T O

# NÆVIA,

A sensible, but homely Lady.

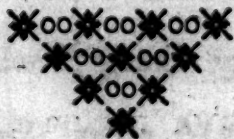
**S**UCH odd sensations you inspire,  
We pity now, and now admire,

As hearers or beholders :

Be PALLAS then no longer sung;

Her wisdom strikes us from your tongue,

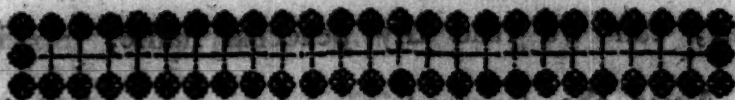
Her *Ægis* from your shoulders.



OT

HAPPINESS.





# HAPPINESS.

---

— Tamen una recepit;  
 Parva quidem, stipulis & cannâ tecta palustri.  
 OVID.

---

**H**AIL, Happiness! thou bliss supreme!  
 To thee our altars rise;  
 To thee, the fond, illusive dream,  
 That from enjoyment flies.

Eager we pant for thy embrace,  
 Yet eager pant in vain:  
 O! teach us where thy steps to trace,  
 And fix thy fairy reign.

Say,

Say, can we read thy peaceful name,

Amid the sceptred great?

Or have the tow'ring sons of fame

All joy, in thee, complete?

Ah! vain the hope thy smiles to find,

Where love and friendship cease;

Where wild pursuits distract the mind,

And rob the soul of peace.

Riches, at best a tasteless joy,

No solid bliss dispense:

And pleasure's wanton transports cloy,

And pall upon the sense.

If wealth nor pleasure, pow'r nor fame,

Can Happiness bestow;

What state those golden joys may claim,

That from thy presence flow?

From

From noisy pomp sequester'd far,  
Of ev'ry wish possess'd,

Young MELON lives, unstung by care,

In love and CHLOE blest.

Content, the greatest wealth they know,

Far chafes ev'ry sigh:

Soft pleasures in their bosom glow,

And lighten in their eye:

---

Their moments gently glide away,

In scenes of calm delight:

Sweet peace still glads the rising day,

And smooths the frown of night.

---

Within this silent, safe retreat,

Where smiling joys abound;

Fair Happiness has fix'd her seat,

And Love the blessing crown'd.





P I C T U R E:  
O R, T H E  
P R A I S E O F U G L I N E S S.

From Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

Il ne cherche pas dans les hommes ce qu'ils ont de  
mauvais, pour les décrier; il trouve ce qu'ils ont de  
ridicule, pour s'en réjoûir.

S. EVREMONT.

DIVINE MELENA, thee I sing,  
To thee I strike the quiv'ring string.  
Fain would my muse ambitious mount,  
Thy beauties, virtues, fain recount;

Too

Too pure to strike the human eye,  
Too fine for mortal wit to spy.  
But ah! in vain I tune the lyre,  
In vain the nine my song inspire;  
The fire of verse is still too faint,  
The *Eden* of thy form to paint.  
No symbol, we on earth can find,  
Reflects the beauties of thy mind:  
In heav'n alone thy semblance see;  
The gods alone can rival thee.

Ascend, ye sacred three, ascend;  
Your skill impart, your influence lend;  
Awake the lyre, rouse ev'ry string,  
While fair MELENA'S charms I sing.  
MELENA, praise of ev'ry tongue,  
Like SATURN fair, like SATURN young:

Meek as the royal wife of Jove;  
Chaste as the beauteous queen of love,  
Here BACCHUS' temperance we see,  
With MORPHEUS' sweet vivacity;  
Nor can e'en CHARON'S polish'd air,  
From her the palm of neatness bear.  
As pure her faith, as fair her truth,  
As thine, O HERMES, subtle youth:  
Her wit, her prudence, equal thine,  
O TERMINUS, great block divine.

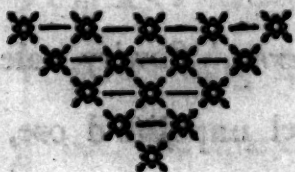
MELENA, lovely nymph, in thee,  
We view each pictur'd deity:  
In thee great VULCAN'S stately pace,  
In thee ALECTO'S blooming face;  
The piercing glance, the sparkling eye,  
That none but CUPID'S can outvie.



As soft as PAN'S thy velvet skin,  
As purely flow the veins within,

If ought on earth with thee compare,  
'Tis something beautiful and rare,  
Thy eyes two beamy pearls disclose,  
A glorious amethyst thy nose:  
Thy cheek exceeds the jacinth's hue,  
Thy lips the sapphire's lovely blue.  
Thy beauteous mouth does far outshine  
The palace-gates of PROSERPINE,  
Where ebon guards, a dreary band,  
Defend th' inhospitable land;  
Thy breath the odours, that exhale,  
From gay *Averna's* flow'ry vale.  
Thy arms excel unpolish'd ore,  
With blushing rubies powder'd o'er;

Thy hands two wealthy mines unfold,  
 Most richly rough with scales of gold.  
 Thy breast — But hold! my muse, no more;  
 Nor dare those sacred charms explore:  
 Left CUPID angry seize his dart,  
 And through thine eye, transfix thy heart,  
 Left cringing thou, beneath his throne,  
 By love the curious crime atone.  
 Enough; the bold research give o'er,  
 And headlong tempt thy fate no more.  
 Who knows what wealth the casket locks?  
 Remember still PANDORA's box.





A N

## E P I T A P H

O N

## A N I N F A N T.

O! if e'er the silent tear  
 Flow'd, at sorrow's call,  
 Let your sorrow now appear,  
 Now a tear let fall.

Here the sweetest, fairest flow'r,  
 Pride of infant bloom,  
 Budding fragrance of an hour,  
 Found an early tomb.

Vain

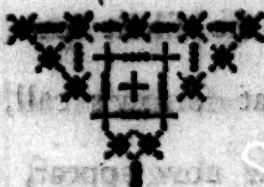


Vain the pyramid's proud height,

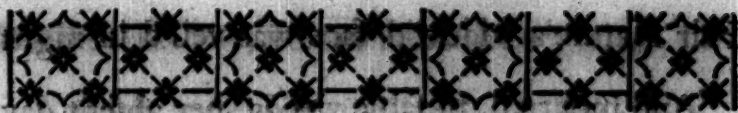
Vain the sculptor's art;

Thou hast left a name more bright,

Fashion'd in the heart.



ARACYNTHA:



# ARACYNTHA:

A N

E L E G Y.

---

— Quod præcipuis mentem sudoribus urget,  
Te videt in fomnis.

JUVEN.

---

**W**ITH stately pace slow march'd the hour  
of dread;  
Twelve struck the ling'ring bell; myf-  
terious sound!  
When restless phantoms leave the cavern'd dead,  
To beat with midnight foot their airy round.

Fair

Fair Nature's widow'd face was veil'd in night,  
 And mourn'd, in sable weeds, her absent day:  
 No starry squadrons beam'd effulgent light,  
 Crouding the field of heav'n, in proud array.

All, all was gloom; dull night's resplendent  
 queen,  
 In distant skies, her silver courfers drove:  
 Proud Horror stalk'd triumphant o'er the scene,  
 And Silence musing sat, beside the grove.

Now mad, beneath the scourge of guilt, reclin'd,  
 The fair, the faithless ARACYNTHA lay:  
 Young CLARIO's form dwelt on her fev'rous  
 mind,  
 And urg'd the conscious lash, with silent sway.

Old Night the walls with gloomy pomp had  
 hung;  
 Despair and Anguish haunted round the bed:  
 While pale Remorse the restless larum rung,  
 And shook his baleful scorpions o'er her head.

With



With feeble ray, athwart the dreary room,  
A sickly taper gleam'd its dying fire;  
To shroud the starting soul in deeper gloom,  
And teach the neighb'ring night a face more  
dire.

Mid the wild scene, where horror reigns pro-  
found,  
Say, watchful Pain, how toilsome thus to lie!  
Count the lame moments, in their loit'ring round,  
And feed on shapelt's gloom the famish'd eye!

And hark! the midnight comrade of despair,  
With hideous serenade, distends his throat:  
Scares the still night, and stuns the listful air,  
With clam'rous omen, and discordant note.

Oft, oft the fair accosts the pow'rs of sleep,  
But wakeful fancy breaks the silken chain:  
Phantastic dreams their wanton revels keep,  
And forge the spectre on her lab'ring brain.

Now stalk'd the shape, with long majestic stride;  
And now, with feather'd heel, flew rustling by:  
Now, with harsh greeting, drew the curtain wide,  
And ghastful roll'd around his glaring eye.

Pale seem'd the vacant youth, lean, haggard,  
With heavy languor droop'd his sickly head:  
His shrivell'd locks crept wildly o'er his front,  
And round his face their wither'd honours  
spread.

O'er his lank cheek Despair had turn'd her plow;  
His heaving bosom work'd a frequent sigh:  
Revenge sat low'ring on his stormy brow,  
And flash'd indignant from his burning eye.

But see! she starts! she wakes! her harass'd soul  
Pants on her quiv'ring lips, in wild dismay:  
Cold, dropping sweats, in lazy courses, roll,  
And down her bosom mark their trickling  
way.

Convulsive





The parent earth my tender nurse shall be;

Stretch'd on her flow'ry breast, my cares shall  
cease:

The list'ning north, at sorrows soft decree,

Shall soothe my grief, and hush my soul to  
peace.

She said, and instant sought the myrtle shade;

Where sad reclin'd along the humid ground,

Her plaintive ravings quiver'd through the glade,

And rous'd dull Silence from her sleep pro-  
found.

The stilly poplars caught the melting strain,

And hung, in fond attention, o'er her tale:

The sympathizing breezes felt her pain,

And echo'd grief, in many' a pensive gale.

Ah! wretched maid! the lovely mourner sigh'd;

Fondly the secret torture still I shun:

Where, O my soul, alas! where would'st thou  
hide!

Whither, my feet, ah! whither would ye run!

From

From conscious self I vainly would have stole;

Vainly I plann'd the viper, thought, to fly;

That curls, like twisting ivy, round my soul,

Lives with my life, and but in death shall die.

Pleasure, farewell! ease, comfort, joy expire;

! E'en hope's faint blaze exhales in dusky air;

The last dim sparkles of the mould'ring fire

Are quench'd in putrid steams of black despair.

Come, Death, kind pilot of distressful woe,

To shroud of peace my weary vessel guide;

Long dash'd by jarring tempests to and fro,

O'er pain's rough wayes, and sorrow's boi-  
trous tide.

Ah! CLARIO, CLARIO! gentle, injur'd youth!

How impotent are oaths, and vows how frail!

Alas! that e'er my soul could wrong thy truth!

That faith should yeild, and DAMON e'er pre-  
vail!

When





Alas! he's fled; the gentle CLARIO's fled; and I

To seek some truer fair, in fields below:

This heart, in falshood train'd, by error led,

Impels the steel, and guides the murder's  
blow.

Ah! see! he comes, he comes, to claim my vow!

Where shall my hunted soul for refuge fly?

O Night, protect me from his vengeful brow,

Ye shades, conceal me from his piercing eye,

Good heav'ns! how stern his look! how wild his  
stare!

He frowns, and frowning shews his mangled  
breast:

O spare me, gentle ghost, for pity spare!

And must this wounded soul no more have  
rest?

Shield me, ye pow'rs! I sink, I sink in night;

A misty vapour fails before my eyes:

But soft; what form divine salutes my sight?

Stay, stay, my CLARIO, stay! — alas! he flies.

I faint, I die! Oh anguish! torture! death!

And must I, must I then—? O CLARIO, oh!—

She said; the griev'd foe lock'd up her breath,

Forbad her pulse to spring, her veins to flow.

Dim sunk the living diamond of her eye,

Her ruby cheek the veil of death o'erspread:

No more the rose shall with the lily vie;

Dead is the fair, and all her beauties dead.

So falls the vine, that leaves her wedded oak,

And round some faithless thorn her tendrils

shoots:

Swift the keen blast descends, with baleful stroke,

Dry fall her leaves, and sapless shrink the roots.





T H E

## LOVER'S CURE:

S O N G.

I.

YE shady recesses, adieu!

Adieu to the grotto and grove!

Your charms are grown dull to my view,

Ye seats of despondence and love:

No more will I pine by the stream,

Enwrap't in the gloom of despair;

But rous'd from my amorous dream,

I'll whistle a farewell to care.

I

For



## II.

For DAPHNE too long have I sigh'd,  
Too long have indulg'd the soft pain;  
But gall'd by the stings of her pride,  
Sweet Freedom, I hail thee again:  
Tho' fair as the blush of the morn,  
Tho' young as the gay vernal year;  
O'ercast by the cloud of her scorn,  
Her lustre can never appear.

## III.

Yet shall I the fair one upbraid?  
Sure pity alone was her guide;  
To heal the deep wound Love had made,  
The balsam of scorn she apply'd:  
No more then I sigh in despair,  
Nor madly reproach her disdain;  
But bless the sweet pride of my fair,  
That eas'd a poor slave of his chain.



News THE

# ABSENT FAIR:

A  
SONG.

I.

WHY fade the glories of the dawn?

Why droops the sick'ning spring?

Why sports no more the bounding fawn,

The linnets cease to sing?

Why faint the rose's vivid dyes?

Why falls the tulip's head?

Fond eye, no longer speak surprize;

'Tis ROSALIND is fled.

## II.

Her presence flush'd the cheek of day,

And rais'd the dying spring;

She smiles, the fawns delighted play,

She speaks, the linnets sing:

Her beauty ting'd the bashful rose,

And bad the tulip spread;

But ah! their pride no longer glows,

For ROSALIND is fled.

## III.

How sad I wail, confess, my sighs,

That wound the passive air;

How sore I grieve, confess, my eyes,

Who weep the roving fair:

Still heave these bursting sighs for thee,

For thee these eyes still mourn;

Return, my fair, to love and me,

Ah! ROSALIND, return.





# News from *Paphos*:

O R, T H E  
B E L L E S O F T A U N T O N.

*A Familiar Epistle to Mr. R. T\*\*\*P,*

*Of Exeter College, Oxon.*

---

Il n'y a point de pays dans l'univers, où une belle ne  
reçoive des hommages.

MONTESQUIEU.

---

Tecum similes junctæque camcenæ,  
STELLA, mihi; multumque pares bacchamur ad aras,  
Et sociam doctis haurimus ab amnibus undam.

STAT.

---

**H**OW long, my T\*\*\*P, shall Dullness reign,  
And banish'd Humour sue in vain?

To friendship, as to HOMER, just,

Awhile the learned chafe give o'er;

Consign

Consign him to his ancient dust,  
And let the bard of nature snore.

A lighter theme demands my lyre,  
Than stern PELIDES' sullen ire:

A lighter theme thy ear demands,  
Than giant swains, and magic wands.

Let cynics black with rising bile,  
With many a pish! and many a pshaw!

Enforce the critic's rigid law;

Yet will I on; for, what care I?

The frown of spleen I dare defy,  
So T\*\*\* and candour smile.

'Tis said, (what will not poets say,

That gravely vend their lying rhymes?)

APOLLO promis'd on a day,

To rail against the times.

'To rail!' you say; 'in faith, that's odd.'

In other words, the *Delian* god

With VENUS made an assignation,

Fair VENUS, daughter of the sea,

To take a dish of heav'nly tea;

For tea in heav'n was then the mode,

And nectar long since out of fashion.

Unhackney'd in the road sublime,

I own I cannot well relate,

In this same rambling, wayward rhyme,

The substance of each gay debate,

At this celestial *tête-à-tête*.

In such a case then, what resource?

I pr'ythee, friend, direct my course.

'Why call the muse, your only way,

'To keep alive a dying lay.'

The



The muse! I vow, the very thing;

In fashion too, or I'm mistaken. —

Leave then, ye maids, the sacred spring,

And save a bard's endanger'd bacon.

Affist me, while I strive to please,

(A task how arduous to pursue!)

With decent mirth, good-humour, ease;

A little poetry will do.

So much for pomp and invocation;

Proceed we now to plain narration.

'Twas past the dull mechanic hour,

When vulgar bellies ask refection;

But deities, that dine at four,

Can keep their stomachs in subjection.

In short, 'twas four, 'twas six, 'twas eight;

The table's set, the graces wait.

*Allons;*

*Allons; to Paphos let's repair;*

'Tis time, I thing, the muse was there.

Suppose then compliments were past;

'*Bon jour, madame!*' — I mean, '*Bon soir!*'

'The same to you, *mon cher seigneur*;

'*Je suis bien aise de vous voir.*'

'O! madam! — *Votre serviteur!*'

With those politer how-d'ye-does,

Which gods of highest fashion use;

So down they sat at last,

In china smiles th' imperial green,

The toast and butter nimbly walk;

While PHOEBUS, and the Cyprian queen,

Enjoy the time in social talk;

For social talk, as ladies say,

Will add a flavour to their tea,

I pass alike in silence by

Malicious truths, and lying scandal;

Such news may vulgar routs supply,

Or give to little souls a handle.

‘ But Jūno’s proud. ’ — So let her be.

‘ And BACCHUS drinks. ’ — ’Tis nought to me.

E’en JovE himself may be so, so,

For ought I care, or ought I know.

‘ Enough; *c’est assez*; ’ cry’d the queen;

‘ A truce, fir, if you please, with satire:

‘ Leave foul detraction, jealous spleen,

‘ To fifty and ill-nature.

‘ Let hoary prudes indulge their rage;

‘ Slander’s the privilege of age.

‘ *A d’autres*, fir. — Say, whence a change,

‘ So passing new, so passing strange?

‘ That you, the foremost in our praise,

‘ E’en you, remiss in bounden duty,

‘ Should now (dishonour to your bays!)

‘ With-hold the legal rights of beauty?’

‘ *Pardonnez*



‘ *Pardonnez moi;* ’ reply’d the god;  
‘ But, faith, the charge is something odd,  
‘ With-hold your rights, my lady fair?  
‘ *Ab! vous ne me connoissez guère,*  
‘ View *Britain*, view that eastern shore,  
‘ Where *Cbina* boasts her plastic hand;  
‘ And all the vary’d globe explore,  
‘ The desert seas, the peopled land,  
‘ This maxim gather from your pains;  
‘ Not *Britain*’s realm, not *Cbina*’s shores,  
‘ Nor all the vary’d globe contains  
‘ A vassal more sincerely yours;  
‘ Nay, now you jest; ’ the fair rejoin’d,  
And archly look’d, and archly smil’d;  
‘ Or sure you think my easy mind  
‘ By grave professions thus beguil’d,  
‘ *Je vous en jure.* ’ — ‘ O fie! don’t swear. ’ —  
‘ *Par tous les dieux!* ’ — ‘ You make one stare,

- ‘ But come, I know, fir, what I know;  
‘ You must not think to cheat me so.  
‘ Where silent rolls the dusky *Tbone*,  
‘ And gives the neighb’ring walls a name,  
‘ How many lovely nymphs reside,  
‘ At once my envy, and my pride!  
‘ At once supporters of my throne,  
‘ And rivals of my fame!  
‘ To these my *Cestus* I impart,  
‘ To win, or to preserve a heart;  
‘ On these bestow my ev’ry grace,  
‘ The stately mien, the swimming pace,  
‘ And all the wonders of the face.  
‘ And yet no bards their beauties paint,  
‘ And yet no songs rehearse their praise;  
‘ No rebus, no acrostic quaint,  
‘ Their names in mystic verse displays.

‘ There

‘ There was a time, when raptur’d swains  
‘ Could sing of rills, and cooling grotts;  
‘ When bards convey’d their dying strains,  
‘ In wounded hearts, and true-love’s knots.  
‘ If dear AMANDA’S finger bled,  
‘ Why, rubies from her finger sprung;  
‘ And not a tear the charmer shed,  
‘ But shone a pearl, in am’rous song.  
‘ But now the muses all are flown,  
‘ Or beauty’s hid from wit alone.  
‘ Your pardon, ma’am;’ APOLLO cry’d;  
‘ Why, T\*\*\*P has often sung their charms.  
‘ Yes, T\*\*\*P,’ the queen of love reply’d,  
‘ Has felt indeed my soft alarms.  
‘ Yes, he your fav’rite stands confess’d,  
‘ Confess’d the champion of the fair;  
‘ Of all your gallantry possess’d,  
‘ To all your wit and learning heir.

‘ But



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- ' But see the youthful bard retire!  
 ' See *Thone* in vain his absence mourn!  
 ' To other nymphs he tunes the lyre,  
 ' While other groves the lay return.  
 ' And is there, to succeed his fame,  
 ' No kindred, no associate muse?  
 ' NORRIS; — I think I've heard the name; —  
 ' Will he the gen'rous task refuse? '  
 ' NORRIS! ' exclaim'd the god of wit,  
 As wonder spoke from either eye;  
 ' *Vraiment, c'est un garçon d'esprit!*  
 ' A gallant champion, let me die!  
 ' Slave to whatever's *Greek* or *Roman*,  
 ' The wretch defies your tend'rest looks;  
 ' Nor all that's fair, that's soft in woman,  
 ' Can win the pedant from his books.  
 ' For him more charms can *HORACE* boast,  
 ' (*HORACE*, on paper superfine:)  
 ' The



'The glow of youth on him were lost;

'But — MARO'S beauties are divine.'

'My stars!' cry'd VENUS; 'Well! I swear,

'Such arrogance is past compare.

'But soon this stubborn heart shall bow,

'Submissive to my reign;

'Soon learn to kneel, to sigh, to vow,

'And kiss the pleasing chain.

'Here, Love!' — She cry'd, and strait appear'd

The subtle master of the bow;

That infant deity rever'd

By gods above, and men below.

'Your pleasure, ma'am?' — 'With active wing,

'To *Thone's* fair valley hie:

'A meagre student there explore,

'By midnight taper, turning o'er

'Huge tomes of antiquated lore.

'One

' One well-directed shaft, you know, —

' *Le sage entend à demi-mot:*

' We'll teach this bird of night to sing,

' Or know the reason why.'

What need of more? Suppose the rest,

And relish, as you please, the jest,

Lo! I, who erst, with stoic pride,

The fairest of the fair could brave,

Now cast my fav'rite books aside,

And sigh and sue to be a slave.

Behold, my T\*\*\*P, where HORACE lies,

Disgrac'd, rejected, on the floor;

Then silent raise thy hands, thine eyes,

And wonder how he charms no more,

Yet no; to rapture loose thy tongue,

And wonder how he charm'd so long.

Sequester'd

Sequester'd with the glorious dead,

My sober hours I may employ;

And shake, in scorn, this solemn head,

At love and ev'ry idle joy:

Yet oft a cheek's transparent dye,

A ruby lip, or sparkling eye,

On contemplation will intrude,

And ev'ry studious thought exclude.

While Nature, ever-faithful guide,

And Heav'n direct the dear alliance;

In vain our philosophic pride

To Heav'n and Nature bids defiance:

In vain would curb the gen'rous will;

'Tis *Omnia vincit amor* still.

Then hear me, queen of soft desire,

Thus lowly bending at thy shrine:

I feel the secret, subtle fire,

And own thee all divine!



Forgive this once rebellious heart,

This heart no more rebellious now;

While in atonement of the crime,

To thee I consecrate my rhyme,

Present the tribute of my art,

And firm allegiance vow.

Thy STATIA's beauties I rehearse,

STATIA, the youthful, and the fair;

TIMANDRA, glory of my verse;

NERINA, gay and debonair:

STELLA, born but to controul;

BELLARIA, charmer of the foul.

Nor shall the muse, with hasty flight,

In silence pass the kindred pair;

As morning radiance FLORA bright,

As ev'ning beams FLORINDA fair.

Be these, O VENUS, these my song,

As these the loveliest of thy train;

Ah!

Ah! let me not attune my tongue,  
Or strike the lyre in vain.  
Nor you, ye fair, that grace my lays,  
Disdain an humble bard:  
Accept the tributary praise,  
And smile a sweet reward.

## S T A T I A.

My voice I tune, my lyre I string,  
And bid the muse arise;  
And bid each am'rous accent sing,  
The pow'r of STATIA'S eyes.

Yet cease, my voice, and cease, my lyre,  
The fond, presumptuous lay;  
In vain the lamp's officious fire,  
Would gild the solar ray.

Here then, in silent, calm surprize;

I'll raise my humble view;

One sun the joy of *Persian* eyes,

But mine are blest with two.

T I M A N D R A.

When Discord bad, with jealous rage,

Wit, Beauty, Majesty engage,

And fann'd the blaze of hate;

In vain great Jove arous'd the god,

Arous'd the terrors of his nod,

To still the rude debate.

O rich in wit's luxuriant ore,

O blest with beauty's amplest store,

And form'd in courts to shine;

The task has fate reserv'd for thee,

To join the bright contending three,

In harmony divine.

NERINA.



N E R I N A  
 Beneath yon grove's embower'd night, A  
 The sportive nymphs advance:  
 So beam the stars their placid light,  
 And gild the dark expanse.  
 N E R I N A comes; ye nymphs, retire;  
 To brighter charms give way:  
 So veil the stars their modest fire,  
 Before the rising day.

S T E L L A  
 No more the sculptur'd fane shall rise,  
 Or kindling fragrance scent the skies,  
 To grace a muse's name:  
 No more, ye bards, the nine rehearse;  
 From STELLA's eyes the glowing verse  
 Shall catch a nobler flame.

See! from her bosom's parting snow,  
 A young *Parnassus* seems to grow,  
 And meet the sportive air:  
 APOLLO's self might deign to sip  
 The inspiration of her lip,  
 And fix his fountain there.

### B E L L A R I A

When SAPPHO touch'd the plaintive lyre,  
 And breath'd her soul in ev'ry strain;  
 In vain she sooth'd her am'rous fire,  
 While PHAON heard in vain.

Like you, in beauty's vernal pride,  
 Had SAPPHO play'd, had SAPPHO sung;  
 Like me, the youth had melting dy'd,  
 With rapture, on her tongue.

*FLORA* and *FLORINDA*.

The graces sinn'd; (some trivial crime,

Unchronicled in *Paphian* rhyme;)

For which exil'd the seats of love,

The beauteous wand'ers ever rove.

To fill their post, the queen of joy

Commission'd thus her active boy

' With keenest search, and nimblest wing,

' Three favour'd mortals hither bring;

' Fair as the blush of orient day,

' And as the smiles of summer gay.

' Go, bid the destin'd nymphs arise,

' And seize the graces' forfeit skies. '

Swift flies the god; (so *HERMES* flew;)

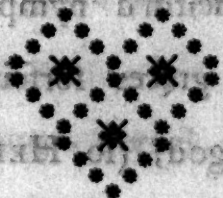
The panting gales in vain pursue,

With fruitless care, he passes o'er

Air, earth, and seas, unpass'd before.



At length, where *Thone*, in fullen pride,  
 Majestic rolls his sober tide,  
 Two kindred beauties caught his view,  
 Beauteous, akin, yet ah! but two.  
 A mingled pleasure swell'd his breast,  
 While thus the god himself express'd  
 'Two graces fair have crown'd my pain;  
 'As fair a third I seek in vain.'





T H E

## ART of the GLASS:

A

## BACCHIC SONG.

---

Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,  
 Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus; omnia novit.

JUVEN.

---

I.

**Y**E learned professors of science divine,  
 Attend to my lecture, a lecture on wine;  
 A system by old father NOAH devis'd,  
 Who the sum of all arts in this art has compris'd.

M

Of

## II.

Of Astronomers, first then, the toper is king,  
 Whose *glasses* the *object* quite home to him bring:  
 He swears, with milk-punch the *galaxy* does  
 shine,  
 And *Aquarius* was ne'er a *celestial* sign.

## III.

Like a true Navigator, his *course* he still *steers*,  
 Tho' from *starboard* to *larboard* the vessel oft  
<sup>veers</sup>;  
 For at last, to the *port* lie his end and design,  
 And his wish is to *double* the *cape* of good wine.

## IV.

In Geometry no one more skilful is found;  
 For with his own length he oft *measures* the  
 ground:  
 A bottle and glass for his *data* dispose,  
 There's no problem abstruse, but he soon will  
 disclose.

He



## IV.

He follows St. PAUL, like a learned Divine;  
 'No longer drink water, but take off thy wine:'  
 Then let not dull mortals our pleasures controul;  
 The best sign of *good living's* a full-flowing bowl.

## VI.

No Doctor like BACCHUS, distempers to hit;  
 'Take lemon, rum, sugar, *quantum sufficit*;  
 'With *aqua fontana* th' ingredients blend,  
 'Man. vesp. & *meridie semper sumend.*'

## VII.

Good Lawyers we are, to all men be it known;  
 For the art of *conveyancing's* wholly our own:  
 Attend my *subpæna*, ye good-fellows all,  
 At the *high-court* of justice, at BACCHUS's ball.

## VIII.

To the science of Numbers we ever incline;  
 From our gold we *subtract*, and still *add* to our  
 A bottle's our *book*, and a tavern's our *school*,<sup>wine:</sup>  
 And the rule of three flasks is the best *golden rule*.

## IX.

In Grammar not PRISCIAN himself could sur-  
 pass;  
 For *verba bibendi* still govern our *case*:  
 The glass and the lip in true *concord* we join,  
 Yet I own, that *hoc vinum* we cannot decline.

## X.

Let Painters their *claro-obscuro* display;  
 But plain *white* and *red* shall unrival'd bear sway:  
 'Tis these *paint* the face with that *tincture* divine,  
 That, 'till worms gnaw the *canvas*, shall never  
 decline.

In

## XI.

In Music a toper excels, you must own,

When the *quavers* his heels seize, the *crotchets*  
his crown:

No harmony equals the bold *forte* strain

Of ' *Da capo*, my boy, fill the glasses again.'

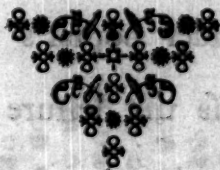
## XII.

Since here art and science their principles join,

Since here all professions in union combine;

The students of BACCHUS all others surpass,

And the art of all arts is the Art of the Glass.







A N

## I M I T A T I O N

O F

*Casimire* to his Lute:

BOOK II. ODE iii.

I.

**C**HILD of the box, my tuneful lute,  
 On yonder poplar's rising shoot,  
 Suspended pass the leisure day;  
 While laughs the sky serenely gay,  
 And am'rous zephyrs tempt the drowsy leaves  
 to play.

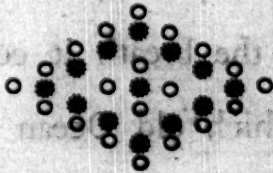
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## II.

The noisy east his rage shall cease,  
 Affect the gentler breath of peace,  
 And o'er thy chords enraptur'd fly:  
 Here careless let thy master lie,  
 And mark the giddy waves, that dance in circles  
 by.

## III.

But ah! what envious storms arise!  
 What envious horrors cloud the skies,  
 And sound along the desert way!  
 Hence, hence, my lute! So, with feign'd stay,  
 Joy mocks the fond embrace, and sudden fleets  
 away.





A

## PASTORAL SONG.

I.

**H**OW rich is the nectar of Jove!  
 How fragrant the bosom of *May*!  
 How tuneful the songs of the grove,  
 When PHOEBUS awakens the day!

II.

As rich is that lip's rosy balm,  
 As fragrant the breath it conveys;  
 That voice, which old Ocean might calm,  
 Would rival the linnet's soft lays.

How



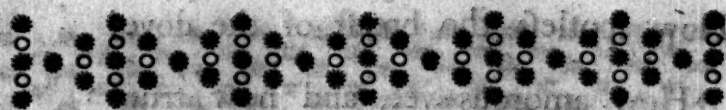
How spotless the breast of the dove!

How amorous yet, and how true!

As spotless the maid, that I love;

Ah! were she as amorous too!





A D

*Dm. Thomam Peacock,*

SODALEM:

ODE BRUMALIS.

QUO Ver, quò puer effugit  
Ludens in violis dulcè recentibus?

Quò ah! quò, nimis impigra,

Æstas plena gerens cornua copiæ;

Autumnúsque sub ilicis

Umbrâ litoreæ musta bibens *Chia*?

Horti pendula divitis

Proles, atque comans messis, alaudaque,

Dum

Dum musæ otia ducimus,

Cantans manè novo grata, vale, vale.

En jam deficit arbori

Fœtus, jamque CERES plorat inopia

Regna, & nocte, gravi vice,

Somnos discutiens rauca crepat *Notus*.

Audin'? Bella movent poli;

Sylvæ dant strepitum; pontus & affonat.

Nimbi fertur equis pater

Ventosis minitans; dum per inania

Cœli, per freta, per nemus,

Indulgent furiis. Contremitt æsculi

Moles, interituraque

Instans rura timent nuda periculum.

Culmen, quod manus indiga,

Multi solis opus, cespitem condidit,

*Austros* heu! malè sustinet,

Per campumque ruinam exiguam trahit.



Jam pennis volitant nives

Delapsæ trepidis, tectaque stiria

Vallis pensilibus parat,

Et daram patitur canitiem nemus.

Amnes currere nesciunt

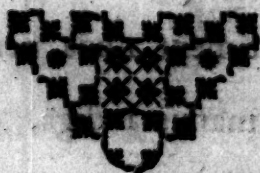
Stant; urit glacies jugera segnia.

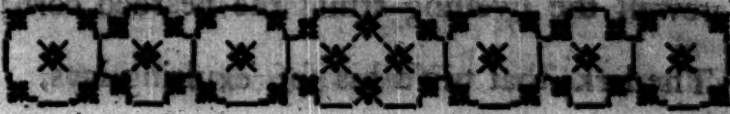
THOMA, sit tibi, sit mihi,

Fas horam placidè ducere nubilam:

Seu plectro querulo juvet,

Seu curas Hyemis fallere versibus.





# WINTER ODE:

T R A N S L A T E D

FROM THE PRECEDING.

---

BY A FRIEND.

---

**W**HY flies the Spring? ah! why the sportive boy,  
 That play'd so wanton, on the flow'ry green?  
 Will Summer envy us his short-liv'd joy,  
 Nor Autumn more carouse amid the scene?

Farewell

Farewell the swelling fruit! the bearded corn!

The lark, that tun'd his soft exulting lays,

And soar'd aloft, to meet approaching morn,

When the kind muses smil'd, and bless'd my  
days!

Sad change! the tree with fruit no longer bends;

CERES with tears laments her desert reign;

While Sleep no more the troubled soul befriends,

But flies the storm, that rages o'er the plain.

Hark! what fierce discord rends the warring  
poles!

The forest shakes; the boist'rous sea resounds:

Th' *Æolian* chariot through the tumult rolls,

Nor sea, nor wood, nor sky its fury bounds.

The lab'ring beech her lofty branches wields;

The cottage sees the threaten'd danger near;

Its humble store a little ruin yields,

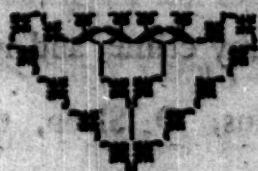
The rustic decorations of a year.

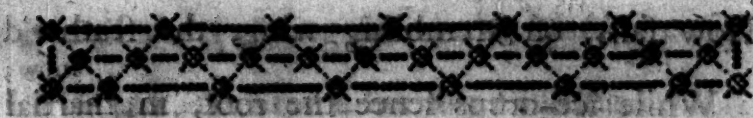
Now



Now falls, on trembling wing, the feather'd  
 snow;  
 While ice-drops fence the roof, in martial  
 state:  
 The frost burns froze; the streams no longer  
 flow;  
 Nor can the woods sustain their hoary weight.

Let us, my friend, the heavy hours beguile,  
 And teach the lazy minutes quicker pace:  
 Let us, by song or music, force a smile,  
 E'en from the rugged Winter's sullen face.





The most beautiful of the streams no longer  
flow  
For can the wood sustain their hoary weight.

# S L E E P :

## T R A N S L A T I O N

FROM THE

### S Y L V Æ of S T A T I U S.

SAY, what my crime, and what so great of-  
fence  
Could thus, O Sleep, thy placid pow'r  
incense,  
That I alone, of all the weary'd train,  
Must still implore thy partial gifts in vain?  
The beast and vary'd bird now sink to rest,  
And drowsy forests hang their heavy crest:

OT

Slow

Slow falls the stream; the seas no longer roar;  
But sleep reclin'd along the peaceful shore.

Sev'n times yon moon the silent world has  
And *Oeta's* lamps their ev'ning fire renew'd, <sup>view'd,</sup>  
Since slumber fled these arms, tho' fondly <sup>woo'd:</sup>  
Sev'n times the pitying-morn has heard my grief,  
And, in refreshing breezes, sent relief.

So long a vigil ne'er could I supply,  
Mine eyes tho' hundreds, and an ARGUS I:  
Still, of his hundreds, half obey'd thy call,  
Half kept their watch, nor wak'd the giant all.  
E'en now, intruding on the blissful night,  
Some happy lover may command thy flight.  
Ah! fly; nor ask I all the fost'ring care,  
Thy wing bestows, and favour'd millions share;  
Pleas'd, if thou lightly touch my dozing eye,  
Or, with unsettled step, pass softly by.





T H E  
S E R E N A D E :

F R O M   T H E  
S E C O N D   C A N T I C L E   o f   S O L O M O N .

I.

A R I S E , my fair ; the promis'd light  
Already gleams across the lawn ;  
Slow wing the shades their dusky flight,  
And shun the chearful dawn.  
Yon silver tracks the feet of morn betray :  
*Arise, my love, my fair, and come away.*

In

## II.

In peace the youthful zephyrs reign,  
 And ev'ry jarring pow'r recedes;  
 Health beckons o'er the flow'ry plain,  
 And calls along the meads.  
 The dawn invites our early feet to stray:  
*Arise, my love, my fair, and come away.*

## III.

The drifted snows no longer rise,  
 No longer sounds the clatt'ring rain;  
 The factious north has left the skies,  
 And Winter left the plain.  
 Returning Spring asserts his genial sway:  
*Arise, my love, my fair, and come away.*

## IV.

In scatter'd troops the daisy shines,  
The cowslip, and the vernal rose;  
To op'ning day the parent vines  
Their tender grapes expose.  
The nodding woods their new attire display:  
*Arise, my love, my fair, and come away.*

## V.

Again the chatt'ring swallows fly,  
Again the martins quit their caves;  
In wanton circles, sweep the sky,  
Or skim the lucid waves.  
The lark slow-mounting chants the birth of *May*:  
*Arise, my love, my fair, and come away.*



## VI.

As o'er the sloping hill we range,  
Or down the valley's recent green;  
With ravish'd eye, we'll mark the change,  
And feast upon the scene.  
While Nature smiles, and all her works are gay,  
*Arise, my love, my fair, and come away.*

## VII.

Here not a flow'r shall bloom unknown,  
Unscented breathe its odours round;  
And not a turtle fondly moan,  
But breezes waft the sound.  
'Tis Love commands; the gentle voice obey:  
*Arise, my fairest, rise, and come away.*



T H E

# Court of *Momus*.

DESIGNED FOR THE STAGE.

---

Respicere exemplar vitæ morúmque jubebo  
Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.

HORAT.

---

**T**HUS said, and justly said, some letter'd sage:  
‘ Whate’er designs the busy day engage,  
‘ Succeeding night, in dreams, the toil renews,  
‘ And mimic Fancy still the chase pursues. ’

So coxcombs, in their slumbers, court the glass,  
And starving misers hug the shining mass.

Beneath

Beneath a load of food, the jovial priest  
 Still dreams of puddings, and a parish-feast;  
 With pleasure sees the luscious dishes rise,  
 While smoking ven'son glads his longing eyes;  
 Then whets his knife, and, stroking down his  
 In fancy half-devours the fav'rite haunch.<sup>paunch,</sup>  
 Here snores a wrangling hero of the bar,  
 'Gainst Justice and mankind still dreaming war;  
 Bawls, in his sleep, of judgments and decrees,  
 And grasps, in either hand, the double fees.

But peace, dear Scandal! What have I with  
 Go, wait on ladies, and attend at tea;<sup>thee?</sup>  
 There teach the length'ning grin, the simp'ring  
 And leave at rest my tale and me awhile.<sup>smile,</sup>

Tir'd with the tedious service of the stage,  
 The wrongs of LEAR, or ZANGA's vengeful  
 rage,  
 Some



Some friendly elbow-chair receiv'd my weight;  
 Where propp'd before the just exhausted grate,  
 I clos'd my drowsy eyes, and snor'd in state.  
 Now wild Imagination takes her reign,  
 Enthron'd majestic o'er the subject brain;  
 With vain creations cheats the slumb'ring sense,  
 Curb'd by no pow'r, and bounded by no fence,  
 Methought I stood amidst a spacious court,  
 Of antio shapes a general resort;  
 Where high advanc'd immortal Momus sat,  
 In all the mockery of mimic state.  
 Here noise was bred, and here confusion nurs'd  
 Another *Babel*, that had drown'd the first.  
 Here rang'd the fool, the pedant, and the page,  
 With lisping infancy, and bearded age:  
 The fawning *Frenchman*, and the lordly *Scot*;  
 The *Dutchman* cold, the *Welchman* fiery hot.

But



' Base *Phrygian Turk!* ' he thus began the rant:  
 ' Shall PISTOL yield? No, by the gods, he  
     ' sha'n't:  
 ' First crush, consume, my stout *Herculean* blade;  
 ' Bankrupt the fates, and cheat them of their  
     ' trade. ' †  
 The next, which neither male nor female seem'd,  
 A mere *naturæ lusus* might be deem'd;  
 For woman's soul inspir'd the form of man,  
 And thus the dubious animal began.  
 ' How can you serve one so, you naughty cree-  
     ' ter?  
 ' I vow, miss, you're the giddiest thing in nater:  
 ' Egad! you've flurry'd me to such a tune,  
 ' That — Lud! my drops! my drops! or I shall  
     ' swoon. ' ‡  
 Rage, grief, distraction pictur'd in his face,  
 Hear hobbling av'rice next unfold his case.  
 ' Rogues! rascals! thieves! — I'm dead, I'm mur-  
     ' der'd, slain! —  
 ' My gold! my gold! give me my gold again! —

† PISTOL, in *King HENRY IV.* &c.

‡ FRIBBLE, in *Miss in her Teens.*

' What?



‘ What? who? where? when? — I’m into mad-  
ness hurl’d. —

'I'll hang, drown, burn myself, and all the world.' •

The next a fop ordain'd to shine a peer,

To move in vanity's exalted sphere,

And with soft nonsense charm the female ear:)

Light were his heels, yet lighter was his head,

And thus he spoke, while thus his nose he fed.

**'Gad's curse! this quality's a charming thing!**

• O the delights of park, play, ball, and ring!

' Your lardship's flave! — My lard, I kifs your  
' hand. —

'Well! flap my vitals, naw, 'tis vastly grand.' §

Not far, with aukward air, and shambling pace, )

A genuine son of nature took his place,

The simple wit of some unletter'd race.

'Weast heart!' he cry'd; 'I'm glad I've fun ye  
'aut:

• Lawd! measter, measter! such a waundy raut!

\* LOVEGOLD, in the *Miser*.

§ Lord FOPPINGTON, in the *Relapse*, &c.

' Soom devil's prank or oother, aw th' lung  
     'deay: —  
 ' Well! marcy on us! whoame is whoame, I  
     'seay. ' †  
 The next an honest, solemn, formal fool,  
 That spoke by method, and that laugh'd by rule;  
 Each air, each look was uniformly just,  
 And ev'ry step was measur'd by the first,  
 ' He! he! he! he! your ho-nour hath no par; —  
 ' You'll pardon me for being jocular.  
 ' Albeit, there are three reasons good therefore:  
 ' First, nature willeth — Stay, let's shut the  
     'door. ' †  
 Not least in name, appear'd, amidst the ring,  
 The face of Winter in the garb of Spring:  
 Taste rul'd his head, and gallantry his heart;  
 Age and disease usurp'd each meaner part.  
 ' This cursed cough! — Here, BRUSH, the *Eau*  
     '*de luce*; —  
 ' So, pretty well! — CANTON, you dog, what  
     ' news? —

† JOHN MOODY, in the *Provoked Husband*.

† VELLUM, in the *Drummer*.

' Hey!

' Hey! by the lord, this girl has made me <sup>new</sup>;  
 ' All-powerful Love can ev'ry pain subdue, <sup>O</sup>  
 (Sings and dances.)  
 ' O curse that twinge! — The deuce! 'twill ne- <sup>ver do.</sup>  
 Starch'd was the next, and stout was ev'ry lock;  
 The simple shepherd of a simpler flock, on off  
 By cant misled, and tabernacle bawl, as eloquent  
 He cries: — ' I wants to preach, I've had a call;  
 ' We us'd to keep a shop, sell tea and gin; but  
 ' But — I don't know, — I think it is a sin.  
 ' So now I prays, and reads, and prays again;  
 ' And then they says as how I've turn'd my <sup>' brain.'</sup>  
 Here thro' the court a murmur'ing laugh was <sup>heard,</sup>  
 When lo! a son of comic mirth appear'd:  
 Rous'd from the midnight slumbers of his bed,  
 One stocking grac'd his heel, and one his head.

|| Lord OOLEBY, in the *Clandestine Marriage*.

§ MAW-WORM, in the *Hypocrite*.

' Thieves!



‘Thieves! murder! popery!’ loud roar’d the  
knave,

‘O dear fir, take my life, spare all I have, —

‘Down on your marrow-bones! — O lord! O  
‘lord! —

‘Just five and forty, fir, with fire and sword.’ †

The next, a motley slave, whose sable face

Bespoke a son of *Afric*’s sooty race,

Beneath a weighty hamper seem’d oppress’d,

And thus the loit’ring rogue himself address’d.

‘Dom my old massa, now! — Curse him old  
‘head! —

‘Send me one devil errand, ’till me dead! —

‘Here, dere, up, down, by day and night, — old  
‘dog! —

‘He make me toily, like a mule, by gog.’ ‖

Thus far mine eye review’d the mimic croud,

When lo! the nightly watchman, bawling loud,

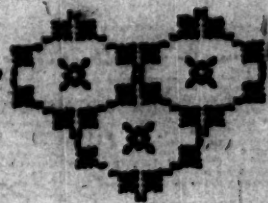
† SCRUB, in the *Beaux Stratagem*.

‖ MUNGO, in the *Padlock*.

With,

With wonted thunder roar'd, ' Past one o'clock, '  
 That frighted fancy trembled at the shock.  
 The forceful sound upon my slumbers broke;  
 I started, rubb'd my eyes, and strait awoke.

F I N I S.



With wretched thunder round, 'Tis one o'clock,

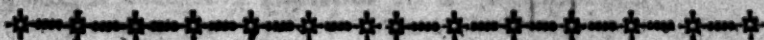
That night fancy trampled at the shock.

The forest found upon my numbers broke;

I started, till I found I was not awake.

20 JY 64

T I N I S



# CORRIGENDUM.

Page 73, line 2, for *thing* read *think*.





